

WHY WE THINK SO.

Adolph Sutro passed here recently on his way to Virginia City. As Sutro has a national reputation the event was noticed in the SILVER STATE, and in connection therewith an allusion to the Sutro Tunnel. In that allusion we stated that "in common with many others we believed the tunnel to be among the greatest enterprises of the age, and that its early completion will be necessary to insure the successful working of the Comstock mines." This remark, a simple expression of belief, based upon a common sense view of the Comstock and the tunnel, undimmed by prejudice for or against the owners of either, aroused the assassin and leonine natures of the Gold Hill News and Virginia Enterprise respectively. The former, true to its natural instincts, stupidly paraded its solitary idea, while the latter, though ferocious at the mere mention of the tunnel as a great enterprise, reasonably asks our reasons for thinking so, and why we believe that its early completion will be necessary to insure the successful working of the mines. In reply we will simply state that our opinion of the Sutro Tunnel is similar in all respects to that entertained on the subject by the public generally outside of Storey county, and there also for aught we know to the contrary, and is this: That the construction of four miles of continuous tunnel, from the base to the center of a high range of mountains, is one of the greatest enterprises of the age, and is so considered throughout the country, and that its completion will insure the development of the Comstock to a greater depth by 2,000 feet than can be attained from the surface. In other words, the completion of the tunnel opens a new surface on the lode, upon which hoisting machinery can be operated 2,000 feet below the croppings. That sooner or later this will be a necessity if the Comstock continues to be productive, there is no room for doubt, while as to the merits of the controversy between Sutro and the Bank Ring there may be a great deal.

Spelling matches are the rage all over the country. They equal the roller skate excitement of three or four years ago, eclipse the revival meetings of San Francisco, and bid fair to reach the standard of the great scandal before the Fourth of July. Throughout the Union, from Maine to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, orthographical contests, regular pitched battles, are being fought, in which combinations of letters unknown to Webster and before unheard of are pressed into service. From the report of those tournaments published in exchanges from the fields of action, the phonetic system of spelling seems to be in general use. In a recent contest in the east between the Young Men's Christian Association and the members of the Ladies' Home, "Recision" cut off the ladies and left a newspaper reporter in possession of the prize, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

The Government is running short on Southern outrages. Since the Congressional investigating committees visited Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas, and reported that all that was necessary to restore peace and harmony to those States was the withdrawal of the military and permission to manage their own domestic affairs, there has not been a first-class outrage reported from the whole South, and we shall probably hear no more about them until a short time before the Ohio election.

SAN FRANCISCO is overrun with eminent "medicine men" from Nevada, who have left to escape the penalties attached to practicing the healing art in this State without a diploma, by the Act to prevent quackery. It was generally supposed that all the M. Ds. had taken the precaution to purchase diplomas a few years ago while they were being sold at the rate of \$10 each, but it appears that they did not.

MARK TWAIN says: "To the poor whites along the Mississippi river chills are a merciful provision of Providence, enabling them to take exercise without exertion."

[Communicated.]

PROGRESS OF DEVELOPMENT.

The greatest Jehovah breathed into space a mighty mass of vapor, which became like a huge ball, and as the warmth departed it formed into a mighty ocean, whose waves danced and dashed wildly, trackless and unbounded, sovereign and unruled. In the progress of time great lines of mountain ranges and continents appeared. No longer did the seething and boiling ocean of liquid fire and flame live alone. Time passed on. Saturn had turned his hour-glass many times, and many ages had leaped into eternity, but as yet the earth sang its songs silently. At length a lowly, humble plant meekly raised its head high upon a barren rock—the first of vegetation, motherless, and without another of its kind. It lived and grew and had its being, but like the unselfish Phoenix, it died that its ashes might give birth to others. Its children multiplied, and fed upon the elements around them. Again countless years passed on, and animal life appeared. Then, not six thousand, but fifty times six thousand and more years, came and went, when the morning and the evening were the sixth day. A piece of clay was taken from the earth, and a being formed, who though puny in size and weak in physical strength, had within him a godlike essence that told of his superiority, to whom the animals bow and whom they would call master. It was the greatest of Nature's children, the Adam of a new development. In the progress of events and the nature of things it was not a good thing for this being to live alone, so by the omnipotent fiat of the Great First Cause, the Creator of the universe, the long and tedious process of creation was suspended, and from a rib created He then and there another being like unto the angels of heaven—woman; and as to man was given dominion over the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fishes of the sea, so to woman was given dominion over man. As to how well woman has maintained her position let tradition as well as all written history, sacred and profane, answer. To these last two creative beings the Great Sovereign of the Universe gave a command: "Multiply and replenish the earth," which has been most assiduously observed ever since, and is the only command which has not been disregarded.

The lover of Nature, who looks back at the beginning as it was and the development of creative things, can read beneath this mighty history of events the workings of a simple law—the law of progress, the object of which is the attainment of perfection. From a wish sprang into existence the first of that chain of created things, of which each new link is greater, nearer perfection than its predecessor. Man is but a link in this great chain, another step in the progress of development. He, too, will pass away when his destiny shall have been accomplished. From his ruins will spring up a class of animated existence overshadowing him as he overshadows the lower creation. No distinctly marked separation between the two classes need be looked for; no abrupt cessation and commencement of these links. The youth grows staller and the gentle maiden's cheeks rounder and ruddier as new summer smiles on them. Yet day by day you cannot see the increase in his height, nor mark the new tints on the rosebud of her loveliness. Man was created ignorant that he might leave, progress.

When we contemplate man, and the progress he has made since the dawn of his creation, see him, seize the swift thunderbolt of heaven and launch it where he pleaseth; riding upon the waves, braving the ocean's fiercest battles, while the mighty waters writhe and foam and surge like some huge Titan chained by the power of Jove; laughing at the thunder's peal, so terrifically frightful that the very heavens seem to open—what may not be divined of the beings to come? As the dawn precedes Aurora's grandeur, so man's power and assimilation to perfection are but the feeble light which foretokens the brilliant glory of his successor. There will come after him a class of beings without his faults, beings who will roam through fairer hunting grounds than the Indian ever dreamed of. The world will be too contracted for their abode, distance and time will be annihilated to them. The universe will be their home, the stars diadems for their foreheads; beings who will be all mind, divinities in power and perfect in all but perfection itself.

YOUNG LYNCHERS IN BELMONT.

An Almost Successful Attempt to Strangle a Boy to Death.

Charley Brewer, who formerly resided in Nye county, received a letter from a friend in that place the other day, which contains the annexed graphic description of an attempt upon the part of some young hoodlums to lynch a boy in the printing office in the town of Belmont:

Of course everybody is aware of the predilection of the good people of Belmont to the emphatic tenets of the relentless "lynch," and among the many, no firmer adherent to the cause of the

SANGUINARY JUDGE

Can be found than in the person of the grinder of our county organ. It appears that the younger sprig of our worthy editor being desirous of obtaining some paper for his kite, repaired to the sanctum of his parent for that purpose.

A BRIGHT SCHOOL BOY,

Who is devoting his leisure hours to the acquisition of the "art preservative," had charge of the office at the time, and refused to grant the request of what he called "a lot of hoodlums, anyhow," closing the door upon them. The small fry became indignant at the behavior of their chum, called a council and deliberated upon schemes of vengeance, which were no sooner hit upon than carried into execution. Returning to the office, they succeeded in gaining an entrance, seized the unlucky aspirant for typographical honors, put a paper bag over his head, pinned upon his back a paper embellished with that

CABALISTIC DESIGN "301"

Placed the fatal noose around his neck, and slinging the rope's end over the bar of the press, with a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, they—(What?)—fled towards the four winds of heaven—for the old "war horse" snuffing the battle from afar, entered upon the scene, relieved the unhappy youth from his embarrassing position, breathed a few fatherly admonitions, closed the establishment, and ruminatingly wended his way towards his home, fully agreeing with himself

That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The youthful hoodlum is peculiar.

His Honor's Revenge.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

"Abner Weeks, who are you, and why do you stand before me?" asked His Honor of the next prisoner.

"I'm a plumber, and s'pose I was drunk," was the reply.

"Ah, it does me good to see you here!" continued the Court. "Plumber, eh? One of these sort of men who agrees to fix a water-pipe right off, and then gets around a week from Saturday! I'll plumb you before we get through. I've had you at my house, working three days to mend a pin-hole in a water-pipe. I've had the bill come in, and paid it, and jumped on my hat and solemnly vowed that I'd get even some day. I've had to carry water four blocks for the last month because the plumbers couldn't come and plumb, and now, Abner Weeks, I'll leave it to yourself if I ought not to send you up for three months."

Abner pondered over the case, and finally said he thought thirty days was about the figure.

"Well, I'll say thirty to you and put ninety on the commitment," continued His Honor, "and you can argue it out with the officials up there."

THE Enterprise says that before the close of another year the dividend-paying mines on the Comstock will be the Consolidated Virginia, California, Ophir, Mexican, Crown Point, Belcher, and possibly the Chollar, Savage, Hale and Norcross, Yellow Jacket and Justice. If the editor of the Enterprise is a prophet, the profits of these mines will be about four and a half millions.

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